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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Special Services Committee at Essex Hall have arranged for the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke to preach at the following places from Oct. 9 to Dec. 25:—Bermondsey, Birkenhead, Croydon, Dukinfield, Gorton, Hampstead, Kidderminster, Moss-side (Manchester), Preston, Plymouth, Sheffield, Stalybridge, Torquay. Arrangements have also been made from January to the end of March, 1899.

IDLENESS, says a writer in *New Unity*, is not a thing which Nature countenances, even in holiday months. "The tireless shuttles of the universe are more busy in their noiseless weaving of the beautiful fabric of being during these two months than in any other months of the year. Nature takes no vacation. If vacation means indolence, certainly not, then, in the months of July and August, are you to look for it. In these days cornfields change from silk to ripeness. Plums turn from green to gold, from the hardness of the stone to the mellowness that makes them the most tempting fruit of the woods. In these months Nature fringes the fields with her golden rod, and spangles the marshes with cardinal blossoms. Everything from sedges to oaks are toiling towards seed time. These are the months of burdened harvest responsibilities. The lazy mind finds no warrant in woods or meadow. Work is the song of the wind, the story of the grass, the message of the field."

FOLLOWING close upon the loss of Félix Pécaut, the Liberal religious community

of France have to mourn the loss of an ideal pastor in Lucien Cahous. Born in the district of the Cévennes, M. Cahous, after passing through school at Nîmes, studied theology successively at Geneva and Strasbourg, at the former University coming specially under the influence of Professor Chastel, and at the latter, of Professor Reuss. While thus obtaining broad views of religious history and doctrine, his chief interest was in social questions, and in his subsequent ministry, which was in the country, he made himself completely one of his people, and exercised a profound influence, not as a professional theologian and ecclesiastic, but as one to whom the religion of Jesus was a spirit of life. He preached with great simplicity and power, not from books but from the knowledge he gained in the hearts of his people.

MANY warm tributes have been paid to the memory of Babu Dvaraka Nath Ganguli, who died at Calcutta early in the summer. He was secretary of the Sadharan Brahma Somaj at the time of his death, and also assistant secretary of the Indian Association, of which he had been an active member since its formation in 1876. Born in 1846 at the village of Vikrampur, Ganguli early manifested the reformer's zeal. The wrongs of Indian women specially roused his indignation, and while still quite a young man teaching in village schools, he started a newspaper, the *Woman's Friend*, devoted to their cause. In 1870 he went to Calcutta, and three years later helped to found the college for the higher education of women, of which Miss Akroyd was the first lady superintendent. When two years ago the Brahma girls' school, connected with the Sadharan Somaj was about to be closed through want of funds, Ganguli undertook the management of the school, and took upon himself the heavy pecuniary loss involved. He married late in life a lady, who is a qualified native doctor, now practising in Calcutta.

A MEMORIAL notice of the late Principal Caird in the *Independent* concluded with the following description :—

"He looked as if he had risen from the loom to lecture. The head was large for the rest of the frame, the grey hair fell plentifully, the eyes were subtle, the mouth strong, the lines of the face almost harsh, the general impression one of singular home-spun aristocracy, the true Scottish thing—poetic and learned, dignified and simple, shrewd and yet wistful. He had a fine art of words, a fine wish to touch the conscience, and the real northern pulpit style: Arnold and Goethe and Hegel came into what was said, but not into the manner—that

belonged to the old evangelical ministry; there was even something of the pulpit flail which Dr. Cairns used to wield with sweeping right arm. Caird used it standing quite still and depending almost entirely on the tones of an impressive voice. The recital became imposing. It was music and persuasion, the search for God and goodness, the religion of Philosophy and the philosophy of Religion. In the class-room it doubtless seemed convincing; in the pulpit it was very fine—nothing finer, perhaps, to be had anywhere, as music, full of spiritual desire and Puritan earnestness, though wanting altogether in the Puritan thunder. When the reasoning should have crashed in one great chord it dreamed away in a thrill of organ melody and a sweet *vox humana* stop. It was no ordinary work; he handled the instrument as a master; the skill was equal to the knowledge; nothing seemed wanting, and one loved the musician—only, where was the keynote? It was the Puritan in him that mounted the pulpit; the modern man of philosophy and poetry that wrote the sermon; and the latter character cannot do the things which the other demands. So there was always a wistfulness in the strong face, a something unexpressed in the careful and brooding utterance, and Principal Caird had a great influence, a high reputation—and should have been a poet. The stuff always runs a little that way with a Scotsman of any quality, and it seems to me he just missed being a poet of the Arnold kind, with more warmth, more kindliness, and equal charm. Charm there was always about that plain, quiet, spare figure with the noble grey head and the half-veiled eyes."

ONE of many interesting glimpses of Thackeray's mind, which Mrs. Ritchie's biographical introductions to the new edition of her father's works furnish, is in the fifth volume, which contains the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." This book, it seems, Thackeray completed at an old tavern in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, and while there, one day he sent over to the Carlyles to borrow a Bible. Thence he also wrote a letter to his mother, which contained the following passage :—

"I am guarded with Jerusalem, not wishing to offend the public by a needless exhibition of heterodoxy, nor daring to be a hypocrite. I have been reading lots of books—Old Testament—Church histories, travels, and advance but slowly in the labour. I find there was a sect in the early Church who denounced the Old Testament; and get into such a rage myself when reading all that murder and crime which the name of the Almighty is blasphemously made to sanction, that I don't dare to trust myself to write, and

put off my work from day to day. When I get the book out of hand, please God I shall see the dear, dear little and big faces again."

We quoted last week from a letter of Sir William Harcourt's to the *Times* on the "lawlessness" of the Church of England, and also from a reply by the Rev. R. H. A. Bradley, Vicar of St. Peter's, Regent's-square. The following further comments appear in this week's *Guardian*:—

"*Presbyter Anglicanus*" replies that it is Mr. Bradley who has misunderstood the Act of Uniformity, for the words quoted by the Archbishop refer only to public services "in any cathedral or church," unconsecrated buildings being untouched. As to Mr. Bradley's further argument—"While nothing which does not 'form part of the Holy Scriptures or the Book of Common Prayer' is to be admitted, the question of admitting any particular portion from these sources can only be settled by its suitability for the purpose intended. If a sense of common propriety be wanting in the composer of the service, the Bishop is then to supply the defect. If we hesitate to adopt the doctrine that the *ius liturgicum* is 'inherent' in the Episcopal order we may, at any rate, 'recognise' that limited measure of this right which is conferred by the words of the Act, 'so that such form of service, and the mode in which it is used, is, for the time being, approved by the Ordinary.' When Mr. Bradley writes, 'I do not see what is to hinder us from using such an office'—i.e., of garbled extracts—he does not flatter his ritualistic friends, and he forgets both the requirements of common decency and the Bishop. But, as a matter of fact, no such attempted abuse of the Act is on record, though the Act has been in force twenty-six years. On the other hand the fruits of the Archbishop's perversion of the Act are with us and are multiplying rapidly." For instance, the Bishop of Manchester's robust common sense gave (in the York Convocation) the words of the Act their natural significance, but he presently succumbed to the Archbishop's gloss on the ground that a large body of the ritualists had expressed their willingness to "submit" to their Bishops. "Canon Gore and his friends accept the doctrine that the *ius liturgicum* is 'inherent' in the Bishops. They will get as much out of the Bishops as they can 'squeeze.' 'We will use gladly such liberty as we can gain or even squeeze from any particular Bishop in any particular diocese.' (Canon Gore, at the E.C.U. anniversary; *Guardian*, June 22.) And, while the main body thus advances under Episcopal protection, the advanced skirmishers of the party will go forward as before. What sort of use some of the Bishops are prepared to make by-and-by of their assumed powers may be learnt from the address of the Archbishop of York to his synod. (*Guardian*, June 29.) Sir William Harcourt suggests that the Archbishop's interpretation of the law should be 'brought to the test of legal decision.' But how is it to be done? 'Nobody,' says the Bishop of Manchester, 'can go behind the Bishop's judgment.' How can a Bishop refuse to veto the trial of a clergyman for the use of a service which he has himself sanctioned?"

THE *Theosophical Review* reports the opening at Benares on July 7 of a Hindu college, in which the best education demanded by modern conditions is to be given in connection with a sound religious and moral training on Hindu lines. The college is opened under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, and is an outcome of Mrs. Besant's work in India. Dr. Arthur Richardson, formerly lecturer on Chemistry at University College, Bristol, is the Principal, and professor of English; Mr. A. G. Watson, C.E., is professor of Mathematics and Science; Babu Indra-

nârāyaṇā Simha, M.A., professor of Sanscrit; Babu Shyama Shankar Hara-Choudhury, B.A., professor of Logic and History. The head Pandit is Nityānana Pant Vyakanācharyā. The opening ceremony was of a religious character, which was witnessed by large numbers of students from the Government College. Twenty-eight students applied for admission on the first day, and by the following week the number had risen to sixty-five. A boarding-house is to be attached to the school as soon as funds permit, so that boys may have the advantage of home supervision while pursuing their studies.

On Thursday week, September 8, Mr. B. B. Nagarkar is to sail by the s.s. *Canada* (Dominion Line) for Boston. The greater part of the coming winter Mr. Nagarkar hopes to spend preaching and lecturing in the Eastern States, making his way gradually toward San Francisco, whence he intends to sail, if possible, by way of Japan, for home. His address after September 8 will be for some time, care of the A.U.A., 25, Beacon-street, Boston, Massachusetts. During the last nine months Mr. Nagarkar has been in this country, and has spoken in many of our churches. We trust that he will take back to India not only pleasant memories of friendships formed in England and stores of interest gathered up, but fresh vigour for the great religious work which is waiting to be done in his own country.

THE Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who is known to many of our readers, and whose mission to India will be remembered, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, Cal., and has in consequence resigned his charge at Ann Arbor. His farewell sermon was entitled "Saved by Hope," and towards the close of it he said:—

"I believe that Unitarianism in this country never had so assured a future as now. The best thinking and scholarship of our time set tremendously in its direction. Though banned in all the Churches, it is creeping into all, as it is appearing outside of all. The Spirit of God everywhere moving upon the face of the waters of modern thought, modern inquiry, modern unrest, modern aspiration, modern search for truth, modern search for God, modern search for religious reality, modern search for spiritual foundations, is slowly but surely bringing a great and beautiful cosmos out of the chaos which has reigned in the past. This beautiful and glorious cosmos is the rising Faith of Reason and of the Spirit, which finds one of its clearest and best forms of expression in Unitarianism. It is the sweet religion of Jesus come again—come again under changed conditions and in the growing light and knowledge of the modern world. Then let Unitarians take courage. Our day is coming, as God lives, and as truth is truth! The future is full of hope."

THE moment anybody is satisfied with himself, everybody else becomes dissatisfied with him.—*Guesses at Truth*.

If we look down, then our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down our character bends. It is only when we hold our heads up that our body becomes erect. It is only when our thoughts go up that our life becomes erect.—*A. McKenzie*.

SUMMER MORNING.

WITH song of birds and hum of bees,
And odorous breath of swinging flowers,
With fluttering herbs and swaying trees,
Begin the early morning hours.

The warm tide of the southern air
Swims round, with gentle rise and fall,
And, burning through a golden glare,
The sun looks broadly over all.

So fair and fresh the landscape stands,
So vital, so beyond decay,
It looks as though God's shaping hands
Had just been raised and drawn away.

The holy baptism of the rain
Yet lingers, like a special grace;
For I can see an aureole plain
Above the world's transfigured face.

The moments come in dreamy bliss,
In dreamy bliss they pause and pass;
It seems not hard on days like this,
Dear Lord, to lie beneath the grass.

G. H. BOKER.

WHAT IS ASKED OF MEN.

A LITTLE girl, who was asked to define the difference between a man and an animal, replied: "An animal is an imperfect beast, while man is a perfect beast." There is a kernel of wholesome truth in this answer. The fundamental difficulty in our relations with one another is that we are not full-fledged men. We are men in the making, and most of us are not half-way finished. We are still controlled by the selfishness that in the lower animals is the only condition of life, and have not wrought out our manhood, in which the instinctive care of self is balanced by sympathy with others. We are not yet animated by those principles of justice and love that crown the truly human.

If all men were reasonable, and just, and honest; if they were always kind and occasionally generous, the world would run smoothly, and we would all be comfortable and happy. In the meantime, there is struggle, class division, envy, and, too often, bitterness. Business is a sharp contest, first for life and then for supremacy.

There is too much greed for gain, and the temptation to be dishonest or unfair is not always successfully resisted. The competitive contest for the cheap is a constant menace not only to quality of product but to fair play for the workman. How to work out of this is the challenge to civilisation. If it were easy it would not be so valuable an achievement. There is in everything a close relation between cost and work, and it can not be expected that changed conditions, that mean so much to men, can be easily effected. It is through the slow modification made by the action of individual units that the greatest hope rests. It is a part of the race education that is so slowly gaining, and that each one of us helps on to the extent that in being and life he is fully, truly man.—*Pacific Unitarian*.

To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—*Sir John Lubbock*.

THE PULPIT.

ANCESTRAL BELIEF AND PERSONAL RELIGION.

BY THE REV. E. P. BARROW, M.A.

"Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."—Matt. iii. 9.

THE Baptist, in his preaching, addressed himself in turn to three different groups—honoured Pharisees, lapsed Publicans, and heathen soldiers. And in this preaching he used a bitter expression—"offspring of vipers"—but he used it of the first group, and not of the second or third.

It was upon religious people that he knew he would be least likely to make impression. He must say something to rouse them, even if he call them a viper brood. Repentance was what he wanted to preach, a change of mind, a new point of view, for that is what repentance is. But it is just the most religious who are least able to see things in a new light. Their attachment to religion holds them fast, and that attachment, sometimes called bigotry, is a virtue or a fault, as it is seen from within or from without.

The preacher had much more hope of lapsed publicans and heathen soldiers. Their very presence in the wilderness was a sign of dissatisfaction with themselves. Some pricking of conscience must have turned them from the gay and busy streets in which their business and pleasure lay. But these worthier fellow-countrymen, living their strict life under the law, carefully attentive to religious duty, with what motive had they come? He could only look at them with surprise. In his astonishment he says, "Who hath warned you?"

But, if they will bear it, they shall hear. He fastens upon that sense of privilege, that confidence in external advantages, which most stands in the way of repentance. There was not one of them who did not plume and congratulate himself, and find much comfort and security in the thought that he was a child of Abraham, an inheritor of his faith, an heir to the promises made to him. There is nothing, I say, like a feeling of prerogative for hindering repentance. For repentance is the first step towards moral regeneration, and moral birth has nothing in common with historical descent. "Children of Abraham? Listen to me. God is able of these stones—pointing to the stones on Jordan's bank—is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

It was a stinging blow. "These stones!" dull, senseless matter, lying under men's feet. Yes, but if salvation comes by outward formation, He who made man out of the dust of the ground might also, if that were all, make good Jews out of the stones of the ground. That is the Baptist's argument. The Apostle Paul used it, and brought it to a finer point, when he said: "He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; he is a Jew which is one inwardly." But it was not an argument which Pharisee or Sadducee could be expected to entertain. They had Abraham to their father, and had always been taught to feel that they were blessed in him.

I think we must all have been puzzled, and sometimes distressed, by the thought, How far am I responsible for my religious

faith? Does it rest on personal effort? Is it only inherited? Has it come to me as a family possession? If my parents had been good Catholics, what then?

There is undoubtedly a bias of descent. Belief cannot be prevented from driving its roots into sentiment. We like to be, and are proud of being, what our fathers were. Their beliefs are our beliefs by all the rights of succession. We have confirmed them, perhaps, to a certain extent by study and experience, but they were well fastened in their places before we thought of strengthening them. How rarely we arrive at independent conclusions! Again and again, what really determines us is the thought, "We have Abraham to our father." We express it differently, but we really fall back upon a pleasant consciousness of something hereditary, something which is ours by bequest, which we have got and intend to keep. Our fathers got it, and kept it, and bequeathed it. It is a sacred deposit. We will guard it and cherish it, and it will take a great deal to convince us that it is not what we think, and have always thought, it to be.

We will say frankly that there is this element of heredity in belief. It is not quite logical, or strictly rational, but there it is. It is part of our nature, and, therefore, part of the providence of God, that it should be so. The associations of early life, and all the subtle influences of family relationship are too strong to be ignored. Education is, and must be, to a certain extent, the giving of a bias. A child brought up with a suspended judgment, with all the possibilities of religious belief scrupulously balanced, quite free from all prepossession, would be a monstrosity. The mind, to grow, must root itself in definite belief of some kind, the truth or untruth of which it cannot at once consider. Correction, if it come at all, must come after; meanwhile it must hold to something, or remain imbecile. Oh, the stay and support of it, "We have Abraham to our father!"

But there is one thing I beg you to bear in mind. We sometimes think that only the orthodox are bigoted. Yes, we say, theirs is hereditary faith. They believe what their fathers have told them. They hold the faith "once delivered," the "form of sound words" which has never changed. They have apostles to their fathers, and the tradition of generations is for them enough. I want to point out that heterodoxy very often rests on the same foundation. The heretic also, in many cases, has some Abraham to his father. He takes his denials on trust. He can give little reason of his own for the unfaith that is in him. His scepticism is traditional, and almost runs in his blood. His personal conviction, so far as it is personal, has been as easily reached as that of the churchman whose credulity it is perhaps his wont to despise.

This, I think, is one of the morals of that book which some of us have lately been reading—"Helbeck of Bannisdale." Of the two foremost characters, one, Helbeck himself, the Catholic squire, is a man with whom faith and feeling are paramount. It is a matter of conscience with him to keep inquiry within the strictest bounds. His faith rests on what he believes to be an impregnable rock, the authority of a Church which has all the evidence in its hands, and knows its own history, and can check every link

of an unbroken chain of doctrine, spoken before it was written, and going back to the apostles themselves. The other, the high-spirited girl who is his guest, will not allow heart or imagination to carry her away. It is equally a matter of conscience with her to keep them within bounds. But inquiry, where is it? What had she ever done to prove, or disprove, any single position? Had she ever fairly studied and pondered a single question? No; as the author admits, she had no tools, no weapons. She had an instinct of dissent, and that was all. She knew that destructive work had been done by others. She was familiar with the names of scholars and critics on her side—and that gave her a kind of confidence—but she knew little of the conditions and methods, and still less of the gaps and defects, of their work. In fact, she had been trained to feel and not to think. She was a heretic by birth, or, if by conviction, by the conviction which comes of habit, not of effort. And a curious point is that, at the root of it, there is little to distinguish her position from that of Helbeck. So far from being opposed natures they are closely akin. Both were governed by instinct, both were helpless in argument, both appealed to that which was outside their own intelligence—and if one was a bigot so was the other not less. Both used in their hearts the same formula, "We have Abraham to our father"—though in one case the ties of descent were the ties of a Church, in the other the ties of the family.

And yet, in religious effect, how dissimilar the two lives! In Helbeck spiritual purpose and aim are unhindered by the clouds and mists of intellectual error in which he thought and moved. His religion is in him and not in them. Catholicism is seen at its best when it is seen drawn to a point in a single life—as the life of a corporate whole it has always been more open to attack. But Laura Fountain can make no religion for herself out of her negations. She protests with all her soul, but it is a soul without resources of its own, without positive substitute for that against which it rebels. The strong hand which drew her character explains, I think, both it and her tragic end in the stern words, "She was the pure product of an environment." That is to say, she was made, and was content to be made, by event and circumstance, by outside forces which she had never questioned, still less verified, by patient proof and trial made them her own. The winds of hostile criticism swept through her and taught her much to doubt, but little to believe. What could they do but weaken and prepare for final ruin a life which had never felt the strength of reasoned conviction? Her passionate belief in her father's disbelief was a kind of fidelity, but it was not faith.

The special moral for us is this: Let us suspect, or at least examine very closely, all belief or disbelief which comes to us in the way of inheritance. No one can bequeath to another his convictions—only the temper and spirit in which they should be formed, the tone and attitude in which they should be expressed. Where is boasting? It is excluded. If we have an Abraham to our father, we are not alone; every faith has its own pedigree; and no truth is in the least degree true because those whom we

love and revere believed it. Bigotry does not go only with assent to creeds. Blind attachment of any kind is bigotry, and all unthinking loyalty, be it that of Protestant or Catholic. Let us think liberally of the beliefs of others, humbly of our own. Are they our own? How far have we striven, how much have we suffered, for them? Have we simply slipped into possession of them? Is our religion, after all, only a family affair? a result of old denominational connection? a pure product of environment? Surely our fathers, natural or spiritual, cannot help us here. There is an abiding and universal law of religion, under which each individual soul must in fear and trembling work out its own salvation.

OUR HYMNODY.—II.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: ISAAC WATTS.

IN speaking of the Hymnody of the eighteenth century I can hope to interest only those who are attracted by the religious movements of the time, who understand that hymns must be judged as meant to be sung, and really care for the singing of them. From the point of view of literature there could be little excuse for taking up the subject. There were, I suppose, considerably over 10,000 hymns produced in this country during the century, but judged by the standards of poetry very few of them would deserve any serious attention.

There may, however, be a true hymn, as George Herbert says, "although the verse be somewhat scant," if it is such that in the singing of it "the heart be moved"—

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the line accords.

And this must be said of the old metrical version of the Psalms, on which so much ridicule has been poured, no less than of the hymns of Dr. Watts and of the Methodist Revival, that whatever we may think of their poetry, they are the outcome of a genuine religious life; and however little we may now be able to sing the greater part of them, they have been gladly sung by earnest faithful hearts, and have played a part by no means contemptible in the history of our people.

The early years of the eighteenth century mark what may be fairly called the birth of English Hymnody, in the sense of hymns used in public worship as distinguished from the metrical versions of the Psalms. In this respect, as I noted last week, England differed from Germany. For while the movement of the Reformation in Germany was marked by a great burst of song, in which Luther himself took a leading part, in this country the movement had no great leader, and no such singers—no singers perhaps, because the need for them was not felt. For 150 years the only hymn-book of the English Church was the Old Version of the Psalms, by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others, completed in the year 1562, with a few other paraphrases added three years later; while among Dissenters, when they arose, although other versions were used, it was still almost exclusively metrical Psalms that were sung, until Isaac Watts fully established the better way.

Of exceptions to this rule I shall have presently to speak. But I may say at once of some well-known seventeenth

century hymns—Bishop Ken's morning, evening, and midnight hymns, Austin's and Dryden's versions of Latin hymns, as well as George Herbert's, some of which in a modified form appear in our collections—that where they are not Psalm versions they were originally written not for the congregation, but for private use alone.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Old Version was still in its full ascendancy, although in 1696 a new version by Tate and Brady had been published, and was allowed to be sung in the churches, and Tate was Poet Laureate! But altogether the psalmody of the Church was at a very low ebb. Throughout the century the controversy went on as to which of the two versions was really the better, and indeed had hardly been settled when both were finally superseded by modern hymn-books.

There are amusing passages in Addison's "Spectator," and other contemporary writers early in the century, showing the lifelessness into which the psalm-singing of those less strenuous days had fallen, the vagaries which concealed people sometimes allowed themselves, introducing astonishing variations into the long-drawn notes of the psalm-tune, and the absurdities of the parish clerk, to whom was often left the duty not only to set the tune, and dole out the psalm line by line for the people to sing, but also to choose what psalm should be sung. John Wesley, at a somewhat later date, contrasts the hymn-singing in the Methodist Societies with the psalmody of the parish church:

"Their solemn addresses to God, he said, are not interrupted either by the formal drawl of the parish clerk, or the screaming of boys, who bawl out what they neither understand nor feel, or the unseasonable and unmeaning impertinence of a voluntary on the organ. When it is seasonable to sing praise to God they do it with the spirit and the understanding also, not in the miserable, scandalous doggerel of Hopkins and Sternhold, but in psalms and hymns which are both sense and poetry, such as would sooner provoke a critic to turn Christian than a Christian to turn critic. What they sing, therefore, is a proper continuation of the spiritual and reasonable service, being selected for that end; not by a poor hum-drum wretch, who can scarcely read what he drones out with such an air of importance, but by one who knows what he is about, and how to connect the preceding with the following part of the service. Nor does he take just "two staves"; but more or less, as may best raise the soul to God, especially when sung in well-composed and well-adapted tunes; not by a handful of wild unawakened striplings, but by a whole serious congregation; and this not lolling at ease, or in the indecent posture of sitting, drawing out one word after another; but all standing before God, and praising Him lustily, and with a good courage."

In a note on this passage as quoted in Southey's "Life of Wesley," Coleridge protests that the Old Version does not merit the harsh description of "miserable scandalous doggerel," and adds that Sternhold and Hopkins are, in his opinion, David and Asaph themselves, compared with Tate and Brady.

But while we may sympathise with this protest and think better of the Old Version than Wesley did, his testimony must be taken as one among many, as to what

went on in the majority of churches throughout the country. The Old and New Versions remained the hymn-books of the Established Church for the greater part of the century, indeed, in many places far into this century, and it is among Dissenters that we must look for the first much-needed reform and the real making of English congregational singing.

The honour of this, as I have said, belongs to Isaac Watts. He was the first to give us a substantial body of congregational hymns. But it ought not to be forgotten that he had forerunners in this work.

Among the various bodies of Nonconformists throughout the seventeenth century this question of hymn-singing—as to what should be sung, or whether there should be any singing at all—was keenly argued. The majority, I imagine, would be found to have used simply one or other of the Psalm versions. This was the usual Presbyterian and Independent fashion. But among the General Baptists there was an objection to all congregational singing, which was not completely overcome, until near the close of the eighteenth century. One reason for this was that in their view no unregenerate person should be allowed to sing, and in a mixed congregation this could not be avoided. Then it was argued that the use of a Psalm-book was mere formalism, and the only true singing, as a spiritual act of worship, was when any individual member of the church was moved spontaneously to utter a psalm or hymn. This kind of extempore solo-singing at meetings for worship was recognised also by George Fox and the other early Friends; but in practice it is not likely that it would be of frequent occurrence except in times of special excitement. There are, however, said to be a large number of such hymns belonging to the Commonwealth time preserved in printed copies, though how that was done I do not know, and I only repeat an opinion at second-hand, that they are of very indifferent quality. Among the Particular Baptists the battle of the hymn was fought and won by Benjamin Keach, who died in 1704. He was for over twenty years minister of a church in London, and in the face of a good deal of opposition led his people into the practice of singing original hymns at their services. In 1691 he published a volume of nearly 300 hymns of his own, and in the same year a pamphlet, "The Breach Repaired in God's Worship; or, Singing of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs Proved to be a Holy Ordinance of Jesus Christ." In 1697 Joseph Stennett, another Baptist, also published a volume of hymns for the Lord's Supper, and a further volume the year before his death, in 1713.

Among the Independents, also, by the end of the seventeenth century, the prejudice against singing anything but Psalms had been in a number of places overcome. It seems to have been at the Communion Service, in the first instance, that a hymn was introduced, and then at the ordinary services as well.

Thus William Barton who, in 1644, published one of the most popular of the Psalm versions, wrote also a large number of hymns, which are said to have been used in some churches. In 1683 John Mason published his "Spiritual Songs," and in 1694 Richard Davis a book of hymns,

chiefly his own, for the use of his little country congregation in Northamptonshire. There was also another collection published in that year, containing hymns by six different authors, Baxter and Mason being two of them. Thus by the end of the seventeenth century the way had been prepared in a tentative manner for Dr. Watts. But the quality of the hymns so far produced was such as, with rare exceptions, only to accentuate the need for something better. What the habit of ministers producing original hymns to be sung after their sermons might lead to is hinted at by the strict order, which Wesley subsequently issued to his preachers, that they were never to give out hymns of their own composition.

Isaac Watts was born in 1674, the year of Milton's death, the son of a sturdy Nonconformist of Southampton, who was more than once in prison for conscience's sake. The boy, who showed great promise, was offered by influential friends a University education and advancement in the Church, if he would conform, but he chose to be faithful to his father's principles, and having been educated at a Nonconformist theological academy, entered the Independent ministry in London. He was first assistant to Dr. Chauncy, of the church in Mark-lane, and from 1702 in full charge of the congregation. It was a notable church with which Watts thus began a life-long connection. Among its members he could count a granddaughter of Cromwell's, a Fleetwood, a Desborough, and other distinguished Independents. And he himself soon took a leading place among the Nonconformists of his day, while enjoying the honourable friendship of prominent Churchmen as well. He was a voluminous writer of theological and educational works, of real value in their day, and of which his logic remained the longest in use, while in addition to his hymns and his famous Divine and moral songs for children, he wrote other poetry, now passed into oblivion. Dr. Johnson deals very respectfully with him in his "Lives of the Poets."

His ministerial services were sadly broken, for he had shattered his constitution by over-work, and almost at once an assistant had to be appointed, who in 1712 was ordained co-pastor. About that time Watts became an inmate of the family of Sir Thomas Abney, one of the chief members of his church, and lived for many years in the beautiful country house of Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, but latterly at Stoke Newington. His life was thus largely spent in retirement, devoted to study, a retirement from which, however, his influence was widely felt, through his books and through his personal intercourse with other leading men. He was never married, and died at Stoke Newington in 1748.

Watts had already written a large number of hymns before he entered on his ministry. On completing his professional training he had spent two years of leisure at his father's house in Southampton,—and complaining of the poor quality of the hymns sung at the chapel they attended, his father challenged him to produce better. Thus Isaac, just twenty years of age, discovered his gift, and one hymn after another was produced and sung at their services, until he had accumulated a large number.

When he was settled in London his brother Enoch wrote urging him to

publish these hymns. "There is," he said, "great need of a pen, vigorous and lively as yours, to quicken and revive the dying devotion of the age." This was in 1700. Five years later Watts published a volume of Lyric Poems, of a serious and largely religious character, but only in 1707 the first edition of his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." A second edition appeared two years later and in 1719 his Psalms, under the title: "The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament and applied to the Christian State and Worship." This was really another collection of hymns, for as the title indicates, Watts did not intend a *version* of the Psalms on the old lines, but rather to reproduce their sentiment, where he judged it to be suitable for Christian worship, and in such language as he imagined David might have used had he been a Christian. Sometimes a good part of a Psalm is fairly closely rendered, but at other times he takes only a verse or two, and writes a practically independent hymn. Into the Hebrew Psalmist there is, therefore, brought a large infusion of evangelical theology of a mildly Calvinistic sort.

One or two examples will best show what happened. In Psalm xcix. we read:—"The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubims; let the earth be moved."

From this Watts writes:—

The God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.
Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

Of the verse: "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other," he makes:—

Mercy and truth on earth are met
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;

By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleased and peace is given.

And again: "The Lord reigneth" becomes:—

He reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangetic strains.

Counting the Psalms, then, with the others, we may say that Watts produced a body of about 700 hymns, ranging over the whole field of the Christian life, and constituting for those who could use them a complete congregational hymn-book. They soon attained a very great popularity. For more than a century, it is hardly too much to say, the "Psalms and Hymns" of Dr. Watts were the exclusive hymn-book of the Independent Churches of this country, and they were very widely used, though not to so great and exclusive an extent by other bodies of Dissenters, while the Church of England, when it began to make new hymn-books, drew largely from his store.

Thus it may be truly said that what the German singers did for their people in the early days of the Reformation, Watts, according to his gifts, and single-handed, was the first to do fully and freely for this country.

There were naturally protests against so great an innovation, but the way in which Watts's hymns swept the field was clear proof that they answered a real need of the time, and he must be gratefully remembered in the history of English

Hymnody for the signal service he thus rendered.

But now very few and a diminishing number of these hymns are sung. Even Mr. Paxton Hood, the latest enthusiastic biographer of Watts, and defender of the hymns, admits that they contain many more expressions and passages than he cares to count "wholly indefensible by any standard of good taste, good sense or good theology." Keble's judgment was that Watts's "piety might induce us to make excuses for his poetry, his poetry would do little to incite dormant piety." George Macdonald, in his "England's Antiphon," expresses a wish that only a twentieth part of the hymns had been written, and Mr. Garrett Horder, who is thoroughly at home in all the traditions of the Congregational body, says in his "Hymn Lover," that "perhaps twenty-five or thirty of Watts's hymns, by reason of their surpassing excellence, will remain among the favourites of the Church at large." For my own part I should not like to mark even that number for immortality.

Among the best, and those most likely to endure, are some of his songs of praise, in which there is a strong and cheerful note.

But too many of the hymns are spoilt for us by his external mechanical view of the world of Nature, and, indeed, a like mechanical and *scenic* view of the moral government of God and the process of salvation.

In celebration of the glories of Creation we find such verses as these:—

He formed the seas and formed the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And pushed them into motion first.

Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
And bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

And of the salvation which Christ has wrought he sings:—

Well, the Redeemer's gone
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice call for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves!
The Father lays his thunder by
And looks and smiles and loves.

And in another hymn:—

He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below
And prays for us above.

Father (he cries) forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;
And then he shows his opened veins
And pleads his wounded side.

I do not think it is because I have no sympathy with that form of the doctrine of Atonement which lays stress on the blood, and the washing of sinners in the blood, that such verses strike me as offensive, and utterly lacking both in poetry and the power "to excite dormant piety." Whatever spiritual truth may lie at the heart of the doctrine rightly interpreted, this surely is the merest travesty. If one did not know the man, one would think that in these and many similar passages he was playing with a sacred subject, making pictures of it, utterly un-

worthy of its greatness, in the crudest materialistic fashion, to reduce the doctrine to absurdity.

More dreadful instances even than the above might be cited, but that Watts could write simply and beautifully with true poetic feeling these other verses show. They are from a hymn entitled "Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things, in Scripture":—

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he a *vine*? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the vine!

Is he the *head*? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below and saints above
Joined by his spirit and his love.

Is he a *fire*? He'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

Is he a *rock*? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he a *temple*? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place
Whene'er I pray I turn my face.

Is he a *sun*? His beams are grace
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
Where he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns, th' incarnate God.

Nor earth nor sea nor sun nor stars
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold him face to face.

MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB, Brooklands, Tavistock, acknowledges, with thanks, the following further donations received in answer to his appeal on behalf of the widow and children of the late Mr. Frederick Webb, a member of the Abbey-road Chapel, Tavistock, who was killed on the L. & S. W. Railway line:—

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Miss A. S. Ridge ...	1	1	0
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Mr. J. Penson ...	1	0	0
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Mr. A. G. Kennard ...	0	5	0
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Mr. Lovell ...	0	2	6

Further donations are needed, and may be sent to the above address, when they will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

DR. A. R. WALLACE AND VACCINATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd's strictures are chiefly directed against my estimate of Dr. Wallace as a scientific man. Mr. Lloyd discovers evidence in Dr. Wallace's writings of "a very unscientific state of mind." I have heard another critic denounce Robert Browning as having an essentially unpoetic temperament, and have wondered what the definition of poetry might be on which such a judgment could be based. The author of "Pippa Passes" and the discoverer of Natural Selection are beyond the reach of such missiles.

It amazed me to read that Dr. Wallace describes zymotic diseases as "self-created" in the sense that they "arise spontaneously"; and, indeed, he says nothing of the kind. He includes these evils among the "self-created scourges of civilised humanity,"—a rather ungraceful but perfectly intelligible phrase for "the scourges which humanity has made for itself." It is true that Dr. Wallace has investigated psychic phenomena, and attaches importance to some elements which Mr. Lloyd, I presume, estimates at a lower value; and that he believes the shape of the brain-shell to be affected by the shape of the brain. Is the acceptance and defence of unpopular views always a mark of an unscientific mind?

I cannot admit that medical men are "invariably tolerant, liberal-minded, generous," though I accept this testimony of those whom Mr. Lloyd personally knows. There is a widespread worship of the medicine-man still surviving; but I recognise no virtue in an L.S.A. to cleanse an otherwise human man from the failings of common humanity. In unintelligent certitude the physician has, alas! no monopoly; but he has his share, which the general deference to his *ipse dixit* does not tend to diminish.

The vaccination question is not to be decided by authority. If it were, the authority of the statistic would outweigh that of the doctor. But it must be decided by evidence. In this question I happen to have a strong personal inducement to believe that vaccination gives immunity against smallpox, but a close examination of evidence leaves me still unconvinced. The argument, for instance, which Mr. Lloyd founds on Wallace's diagram I. is confuted by the explanatory diagram II., where it clearly comes out that there is less reason for attributing the decrease of smallpox in London (1840-1896) to vaccination than there is to explain in that way the decrease in fevers. [Mr. Lloyd writes: "I repeat it is not true that there has been an equal diminution in all zymotics." No such assertion has been made by Dr. Wallace or myself.]

One point seems to be overlooked. While a general statement can only be established by a patient induction from many positive facts, one single negative fact is quite sufficient to disprove it. Such a fact is to be found in a comparison of

the smallpox death-rates in the re-vaccinated British army and almost unvaccinated Leicester. How can the vaccination theory survive it?

E. W. LUMMIS.

VACCINATION AND SANITATION.

SIR,—The allusion to this subject by Mr. Lloyd in THE INQUIRER of August 20 suggests a few remarks. Vaccinators bring forward a defence of vaccination to which they attach much weight. They tell us that for over fifty years before 1800 about one-tenth of the deaths was caused by small-pox. Their reference to the Bills of Mortality show that they are speaking of London. The Report of the Proceedings of the House of Commons Committee on Vaccination in 1871 contains the following statement:—"In the years 1728-1757 and 1771-1780 the small-pox death-rate of London was five in 1,000 of population, while its mortality from all causes was 50 in the 1,000." Now, when we are asked to admit that the decline in London small-pox since those times is due to vaccination, we reply that it might be equally demanded, and by the same rule, that the decline in the general death-rate from 50 in the 1,000 to its present level of 20, should be credited to vaccination also. All that the figures tend to prove is, that whenever the general death-rate reaches the enormous height of 50 in the 1,000 of population (that is, when the annual deaths largely exceed the births) it is highly probable that at least five deaths in fifty will be due to small-pox. Let us remark that if this disease had been absent altogether in the years mentioned the general mortality would still have been 45 in the 1,000 of population, against our present 20 per 1,000. How do the vaccinators account for the difference? They are unable to do it. We explain it by the notoriously insanitary state of Old London, its rapid increase and consequent overcrowding, its narrow and filthy streets, its imperfect drainage, its dangerous well-water, its reeking churchyards, and its aversion to the introduction of new habits and customs. It is the superior cleanliness of the present age which has reduced the mortality, not equally from each cause of death, as is sometimes absurdly held, but the mortality from the zymotic or filth diseases, especially typhus fever or "plague," and small-pox. We fail to discover any proof of the utility of vaccination in the contrast between the last and the present century. The strictly logical induction is in favour of general sanitation and municipal cleanliness.

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

42, Stibbington-street, N.W.

"THE BROTHERS."

SIR,—Would you kindly allow me to say that I have placed the affairs of the "two brothers," for whom I made appeal in THE INQUIRER, in the hands of the Secretary of the Oxford-street Unitarian Chapel, Accrington. Any donations or subscriptions for them should therefore be sent to Mr. E. Bradshaw, 112, Whalley-road, Clayton-le-Moors, Accrington. Mr. Bradshaw will be glad to receive any donation, large or small, on their behalf.

J. RUDDLE.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

An earnest advocate of mercy towards dumb animals has passed away through the death of the Rev. Thomas Timmins, which took place on the 19th inst. at New Cross. Born in 1840, Mr. Timmins was educated for the ministry at the Unitarian Home Missionary Board in Manchester, and in 1863 entered upon a short ministry at Boston. He was also for two years at Bridgwater, and from 1874 to 1882 at High-street, Portsmouth, where, among other benevolent activities, he became identified with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was also strongly drawn towards the Band of Mercy movement, the growth of which was marked by the establishment in 1879 of the *Band of Mercy Advocate*, edited by another ardent lover of the cause, and taken over in 1883 by the R.S.P.C.A. In 1882 Mr. Timmins went to America, where, in conjunction with Mr. Angell, he threw himself with great energy into the work of organising Bands of Mercy, and rejoiced in the rapidity with which the movement spread throughout the States.

The number of Bands he was instrumental in founding, both in America and in this country, where the work had the earnest support of Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, is said to have amounted to thousands. One special effort, in which he long persevered, was brought to a happy issue when the Education Department included the subject of kindness to animals in their code. In 1889 Mr. Timmins was home again, and in the following year became minister at Billingshurst—a post he occupied until his death. In the May of last year public recognition was made of Mr. Timmins's devoted labours. At the eleventh annual meeting of the Universal Band of Mercy movement, held at Lady Ashburton's, Kent House, Knightsbridge, a presentation was made to him on behalf of subscribers (of whom Dr. Martineau was one) of a purse of gold, "as a testimony to his great and self-denying labours in the cause." Some articles of jewellery were at the same time presented to Mrs. Timmins.

The funeral took place at Portsmouth on Wednesday, Mr. Timmins having expressed the desire to be laid to rest near some of his former congregation there. The service was conducted in the chapel by the Rev. W. Birks, and at the grave by the Rev. A. J. Marchant. The latter gentleman, together with the Rev. C. A. Hoddinott and Mr. T. Bond, represented the General Baptist Assembly, of which the deceased was vice-president. The Rev. F. Summers represented the Universal Band of Mercy; and among others present were the Rev. H. McKean, brother-in-law, Messrs. J. Carter and Turner from Billingshurst, Mr. H. Blessley and other members of St. Thomas's Chapel, Portsmouth. The coffin bore the inscription: "Apostle of Mercy."

COUNTRY AIR FOR WEAK AND AILING CHILDREN.—Miss A. Lawrence, 75, Lancaster-gate, London, W., begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt for this fund of the following sums:—Mr. J. Harrop White, £1 1s.; Miss Corfield, 10s. 6d. The fund will be closed after next week.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

OUR LAKE-LAND HOLIDAY.—VI.

WE are getting near the end of our valley by this time, and shall soon have to start scrambling up its rough, stony slope, but before we leave the beck—our Beck, you know—it has one other pleasant gift for us.

Imagine a beautiful pool, about forty feet long, and perhaps half that width, filled with crystal-clear water, that comes tumbling in as a little waterfall, and falls with a musical and most enticing splash into the upper end of the pool, which is here some eight or ten feet deep. What a place for a hot, thirsty, sunburnt boy to be placed in, and on a warm June day, too! One such boy as he surveys the scene takes in a long breath of delight, and his hands instinctively fly to his coat, ready to have it off his shoulders in a twinkling when he gets the word. "Bathe?" Of course you boys may bathe, but don't you see that there are some little chaps here that cannot swim, likely; don't you think it would be a good idea to let them go in first, where the water is only a few inches deep, and increases in depth so slowly that it is quite safe even for the smallest.

Thank you, now that is nice of you, each big boy to take a little one under his care, see that he has a good bathe, gets into no danger, and then you are going to keep an eye on him for the rest of the day, and give him a hand up the steep hills we are coming to.

That is splendid, and I wish we were all learning better than we do, you, and I, and every one of us, what a good thing it is, to give "a helping hand" in our everyday life.

How those bathers are enjoying themselves, splashing, and leaping and diving into the cool clear depths; the good swimmers gliding easily about; the learners, puffing, and blowing, and spouting water, and then when they can "touch," dilating on the number of strokes they have accomplished. All are very noisy, and all, I fancy, are remarkably happy.

Now we are under way again, and are slowly picking our way up the barrier of rock that confronts us. It is rather tough work, but there is only one way for it: keep on going, just keep on going. There, you have had a stiff half-hour's climb, but this prospect is well worth it.

What a sea of hills in all directions! Wherever our eyes roam, ranges and peaks greet us. There is Ullswater shining like silver, whilst right beneath us are the dark, sullen-looking waters of a tarn.

We lie down on the short springy grass, and just bask in the bright sunshine, and drink in the thin clear mountain air. We were most of us feeling a wee bit tired an hour ago, but now, and here, all sense of fatigue has gone, and we feel fit to tramp all day.

Bugler, sound the "Assembly," and, please, all of you be careful in making the descent of this hill, for it is unusually steep, and in places is covered with loose stones, and a sprained ankle would be awkward here. That's it; slowly, steadily, and carefully down we go, and ere long we are once more on the pleasant, soft-treading grass again, as we wind down a narrow valley with the steep, high hills on each hand, and another beck running and twining before us.

Soon the valley widens out; we turn a corner, pass through a hamlet of some half-dozen farmhouses and cottages, and, Heigh ho! here is "the Queen's Highway."

Look, children, in front! See how the long road climbs and climbs. This is the famed Kirkstone Pass, and we have to ascend 1,000 feet before we can say "here is the top." But what are 1,000 feet to "our children!" We almost wish it were higher. Old Kirkstone Pass we are going to conquer you. You steep, rough old rogue, I believe you like being conquered by the small feet that are now trudging up your way so bravely, for what a cool, refreshing breeze you greet us with as we pass the huge stone that gives you a name.

Halt! Gather round, for I have a surprise for you. It is our last day of holidays, and I want it to be a good one, and a long one also, so, if you like, we will stop and have tea here, and then walk home quite late in the evening. Indeed, the sun is getting low already, for the hours race by so swiftly on a day like this, and I think we shall have a beautiful sunset by the time tea is over. Off with you! An hour for tea, and a final romp, and then, "Hurrah for home!"

Listen, a coachman gives a long blast on his horn, and back from the grim frowning mass of "Red Screes" comes the echo, there again, and once again, each time fainter and more distant. You will understand better now that exquisite line of Tennyson's,—

Horns of Elf-land faintly blowing.

Look at the Western sky: it is criss-crossed with a lattice of silver clouds, but even as we gaze a soft pink flush that slowly deepens to rosy-red comes over them, and the clouds change form too, and instead of lattice work, we see great, soft, fleecy masses, that each minute are taking on deeper and richer hues. We turn to the East and there over the peaks of the High-street mountains is a great rose-pink canopy glowing with tender colour, whilst the green slopes of the mountains shine with a vivid clearness.

Slowly the glories die away, twilight comes, and with it a cool freshness in the air, bats flit about us, we hear the owls hooting, and the big beetles go booming past us, and finally the sound of the church clock tells us our journey is almost done.

Here we are, our cottage at last, and, once inside, "Our Lake-land Holiday" is at an end, for to-morrow morning when you wake you will not see the little white-washed cottage, or the big hill opposite, or hear the Beck murmuring down the valley, but, boys and girls, every one of you will find yourselves at home again, and, jolly as holidays are, "there's no place like home."

Good-bye to you all, thank you for your company, your merry talk, and happy smiling faces. I am really sorry to part; and listen "Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!" little white Jack rouses from his bed and sends also a farewell greeting.

H. V. C.

If anger rises suddenly, first restrain it with consideration, and then let it end in a hearty prayer for him that did the real or seeming injury.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Inquirer.

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LONDON, AUGUST 27, 1898.

RELIGION IN GREAT CITIES.

THE religion of character must always be the first thing there, the battle for integrity, and, amid a multitude of interests, selfish and unselfish, devotion to the common good. But life is immeasurably poorer that is cut off from that other companionship with the beauty and the joy through which God speaks to us in Nature. Those gifts of His are meant for all the children of men; there are none whom He does not call into that great temple of His praise. And it is especially of that religion—which should be ours, not only in the open country, but in great cities also—of which we now desire to speak.

It is a happy thing for those who are obliged to live in cities that the sunlight from above is one of the gifts of God in Nature, which it is most difficult to take away. Even from narrow streets you can look up into the heavens, and it must go hard if you cannot soon find some place from which there is a wider outlook and the glory of the sunset may be seen. The very cloud of smoke, which in a large town so often poisons the atmosphere, can only partially veil the clear depths of heaven, and often towards sunset it is completely conquered, and its darkness transfigured in the marvellous light. In the Black Country, where there are great tracts of land desolate and ugly, there may yet be seen visions of splendour in the morning and evening sky; and down the long vistas of monotonous London streets, over masses of smoke-cloud, sunsets are to be seen, which make all but the most insensible stop to look. It is no small gift thus to be able to see, above and

away from the turmoil of the working city, the great calmness of the evening sky, clear depths of Heaven seen often through golden gates of the illuminated clouds.

Do not let any matter-of-fact person say it is nothing but a passing dream, mere vapour and illusion. Through the long succession of our days the marvellous beauty of these sunsets, with the ever-changing forms of the mysterious clouds, and the endless variety and constant harmony of colour, are no dream, but a glorious reality. To many hearts they come as a perpetual benediction, speaking of the peace of God over our troubled and weary earth, making it easier to think of other heavenly regions far from the bitterness, the fevered heat, the baseness, and the sin that are here.

It is not the custom of our people to have fixed times of prayer through their working days, but there are moments which seem the best fitted, not, indeed, for the saying of set prayers, but for a swift thought of God, the quieting of a restless heart, with surrender to the pure emotion of thankfulness and trust, and such assuredly are the moments when we are checked in some hurried course by the spectacle of the beautiful evening sky, radiant in silent joy with the glory which can be of God alone. How often might not such a motion of silent prayer and thankfulness to God come with uplifting force to compel a man to truth and nobleness, to hold back his hand from some dishonesty, to make all baseness of thought and feeling and intention for the time at least impossible to him, to breathe the influence of Heaven into his earthly life.

Those who are afraid of God, and choose to hide their evil or paint it over with false colours, will turn away from such thoughts and seek to degrade and materialise whatever touches them from the world without. But for all who desire and try for honest living and pure joy, the beauty of the heavens has a message which is from God.

That is the gate of liberty through which every prisoner of the city may pass, when the day is fresh and clear, or when the silent night has come, and the stars are out. But it is not right that any city should be a prison, or should even seem to be cut off from God, who has filled the world with beauty and an endless delight. And the religion of which we are now speaking strenuously aims at breaking down any such barrier that may have arisen, and seeks to make the city also beautiful with the touch of living Nature.

Of recent years citizens have become aware, with a far deeper sense of responsibility than ever before, of the duty laid upon them in respect of their common life. It may be necessary under modern conditions, that men should be massed together in great cities, but it is not necessary that they should be herded in narrow filthy

streets, in wretched tenements unfit for habitation. There is religion in the efforts which see to it that streets are broadened, that no foul dens and no accumulations of filth are permitted to remain in forgotten corners, that open spaces are provided, so that there is room to breathe, and the feast of beauty is added in trees and grass and flowers, and that the children have ample space for their games. Fresh air and pure water,—in these first gifts of life there must be the religion of great cities brought home abundantly to every household. Of this the London water companies have yet to learn the perfect lesson. And as the city's lungs are expanded, and stricter rules as to the pollution of the air by smoke and noxious vapours are enforced, so better means of transit make it easier for labourers to live further from their work, and on pleasant outskirts where not only public parks but the little home garden may be possible.

The service of this religion, as it may be rendered effectual for the common good, and to bring the hearts of the multitude nearer to God, is not confined to the municipal authorities, or to the great companies in whose hands much that is requisite for the public good is often left. Every citizen has his own part to render—and this, not only in helping to form a healthy public opinion and securing proper representatives and a sound executive, but in his own private doings as well. Whoever makes his own house pleasanter to look at, and puts flowers where they may be seen by passers-by, is doing something—and much more, if he help those who have little means and very humble quarters to understand what difference a single plant or a window-box will make in the surroundings of a home. Those workers in our missions who are helping to develop the love of beauty in the most unlovely quarters and to make the way easier for the enjoyment and the practical care of flowers are rendering, perhaps, more than they understand of that great religious service, which must redeem the life of our cities. And with the love of beauty the need of cleanliness and instruction in the fundamental laws of health go naturally hand in hand.

Another branch of this same service is in the work of the Children's Country Holiday Fund and other agencies, by which children, and ailing or over-worked elders too, who, left alone, might never have a breath of real country air, are taken for a few delightful days right away from all that depresses in their habitual lot, and receive, not only rest and refreshment, but a vision of the more perfect life. The patient visiting beforehand, and the friendly oversight during the holiday may sometimes seem a thankless task, but faith sees it in a different light, and love never questions whether it is worth while. It is a ministry of unalloyed goodness, even while the

necessity for such helpful work sets a stamp upon the present evil conditions of our city life.

Other methods in the same service share the gifts of beautiful home life with those who have little in their own surroundings that could be so described. Thus a drive through the parks, or further into the country, for tired mothers and over-wrought workers, is not difficult to be arranged by those who have the means and the genuine desire to share beautiful gifts with those who are less fortunate; while a homely gathering in the garden or in-doors, where true hospitality is in the heart, may be a natural and fruitful source of happiness and good.

The opportunities of service are manifold. They may often seem to make little or no impression on the great mass of ugliness and misery, which great cities harbour. And yet God has shown us the ideal, and to be forgetful of it is to die. We know what is pure and beautiful and good. We know what human life may be even in the crowded city. And at our own post of duty, even the humblest, as we labour patiently and faithfully, we know that the Eternal, in whom is infinite strength and gladness, must prevail. In the vision of faith, even here, we see the beautiful city of our God.

WAIT.

Nor so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although He linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain:
Until He cometh, rest.

Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LET your children know the truth, and they will trust to it and you. Appeal always to the divinity in little men, and not to the little beast. If something necessarily disagreeable must be done (there are few such things), explain the reasons, if there be any; let the little one know just how much pain it may have to undergo, and accustom it to "do what is wise." If it sometimes refuses to do it, the mischief is less than to run the risk of "breaking its will"; I had as soon break a child's back as its will.—*The Outlook, U.S.*

I BELIEVE that there is no away, that no love, no life, goes ever from us; it goes as He went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, to be with us always, even to the end of the world.—*George Macdonald.*

IN AND OUT OF FAIRYLAND.

THE other afternoon a pair of blue eyes, and a pair of grey, had a sight of fairyland. At least the man was assured by the child that it was fairyland, and as long as he believed him he was as happy as summer days can make you or anyone. The grey eyes had a wise look about them; they were shrewdly wrinkled at the corners, and the eyebrows inclined to shaggy. No such signs-manual of the years were on the other face; all was smooth, fair and sunny.

The man had climbed the grassy hill slowly and steadily, while the boy hurried this way and that after flowers and butterflies. The little one soon had a handful of blossoms and grasses, and delicately tinted leaves. Quietly the man went on, over patches of short, soft turf, springy as a carpet, or through ranker growths knee-deep. At every step he dropped a care and found some happier thought; till, by the time they turned the first crest of the down, a host of unfamiliar fancies filled his head, blending into one blessed mood of peace, just as the myriad separate tints of red and green and gold in the great meadow across the valley melted into one rich glorious russet. The town was far behind him; he forgot its dust and smoke and the noisy bustle of men. Earth's purest airs and serenest breadths lay around him, and the landscape's gracious width was bounded by the blue of the wide sea.

By-and-by, a shout of more than usual gladness roused the man from his reverie and drew him after his little pioneer, who had found a joy at last too great for one little heart to hold alone. Guided by his voice the grey eyes found out where he had got to, and the blue eyes and grey eyes were soon looking together at the loveliest sight. A tangle of bushes, briar, dogwood, blackberry, overgrown with clematis and bryony, had disguised but not quite closed a tiny path, through which, spite of a scratch or two, the boy had found his way. And there he stood when the man came up with him, the blue eyes at their roundest, the lips parted in silence, the little breast heaving with delight. They had come to the gate of fairyland. The boy said so, and the man believed it.

At first the narrow path had led upwards, then it turned down. Then a dozen steps or so through great banks of chalk half-hidden by brambles and trailing ivy; and these outworks passed, suddenly they came into full view of the fairy city. Huge white walls, dazzling bright in the summer light, circled it in on every side, except where the one narrow path gave entrance, and where close beside it a low rampart of irregular mounds covered with verdure rose to a fringe of young beech-trees that stretched beyond into a shady coppice. The clever citizens of that happy place—if citizens there were, and the boy said so—had decorated their wide-spread outer walls with many a festoon of green, with many a banner of purple, and orange, and scarlet. At the base there were tall, pale spikes of mignonette, and soft masses of yellow galium, and gleaming grasses swaying in the faint breezes. In higher places stood sturdier tufts of St. John's wort, and the bugloss that fears no man's hand; and wherever a fairy foot could climb were flame-red poppies, and pure white

marguerites, and jolly little rampions with curly heads of blue, all serving as standard-bearers and marshals of summer's jubilee.

It was the gladdest jubilee of the earth! Never did the sweet scents of honeysuckle and briar blend so magically with the aromatic odours of mint and sage and wild thyme. Never did butterflies wear such gay variety of velvet and silken splendour, or flit so busily from bower to bower with the messages of fairyland. The boy said the blossom-crowned clusters that thronged the wide floor of that citadel were no other than the homes of the little shining folks; and soon he had a court-guide to them all, from the sober row of dog's-mercury topped by the dainty minarets of the enchanter's nightshade, to the crimson-berried guelders and the great wild roses that flung open their hearts' secrets to the sun.

So while the blue eyes went looking for the fairy queen's own palace, being guided in the search by the trumpetings of burly humble-bees clad for that day in their most regal livery, the grey eyes feasted on all that marvel, thus treasured away in the heart of the hills. Far up, the edge of a field of ripening corn peeped over the shoulder of the ancient quarry in whose quiet depth he lay—lay silently watching the waving tops of the grasses, and wondering at the minute perfectness of Nature's least works. White and starry, flushed and streaked and spotted, a multitude of tiniest blossoms lay in every handbreadth beside him. How strangely gorgeous the tints of those happy moving creatures, unnameable by him—creatures that ran, and leapt, and sunned their gauzy wings at leisure; then on a sudden flashed away! Here were the green and gold of animated jewels, shining things, ant-long, almost sparkling in their beauty. One wee thing, scarce to be seen if viewed one way, slipped nimbly into a wee cup of a flower, and there set itself in the sunshine, that struck through it till it glowed like a spark of living fire.

Sweet summer-day! A long way off, in some hidden shade, the wild pigeons murmured, "Cool! cool!" Near at hand a multitudinous humming and rustling was all that broke the stillness. But somewhere in the blue sky up there, beyond the circle of the cliffs, there sounded through all the day the unwearied music of lark-song. It fluttered like the singer; it rippled, it overflowed, and fell down in a shower of irresistible rapture. The boy said it was the music of hidden minstrels in honour of the royal lady of that city. The man listened and in his wonder another feeling mingled; he blessed the unwearied musicians in the sky, and the grey eyes grew moist and dim as something like a singing of happy birds began in him also.

Ah! if one could but always hear within himself that echo of earth's delight!

* * * * *

The shadow stole round the vast white walls, a deeper, mellower glow grew into the light, the day wore on towards evening. Still, with untiring feet the child wandered here and there in quest of new pleasures; until, once again, a call of great excitement bids the man follow him. Beyond the beech-glade, which he had reached by scaling the lower ramparts of the fairy city, a glade in whose shadow no flower might grow, but which was wholly carpeted with ivy for moonlight festivals, the blue eyes had with peculiar joy

discovered, amongst an outpost of straggling bushes, a plantation of raspberries. With shouts of triumph he fell upon the crop, and called for the aid of the big fingers to help his little ones in the work of picking it. But even in these things there is wisdom and folly; and the big fingers did not seem so clever as they ought to have been—certainly the little ones got most prizes. The truth is, the grey eyes, unused to the search, looked far and wide over the tops of the bushes, and caught sight only of a fruit here and there. The blue eyes, cleverer far, looked beneath the branches, and found the juicy berries in scores. And to the discomfiture of grey eyes, when the boy found a specially luscious little bunch he held them up to admiration, crying "That's the sort!" The man thought so too, and tried his best to find others like them; but still the boy was the more expert. At last, pitying the man's failure, he let out the secret which somehow he had learned in fairyland.

He said—and his blue eyes were very certain and very calm as he spoke, and grew very wise at last, much wiser than the grey eyes—he said that the fairies, and the sunbeams, and the soft warm winds, and Everything Else that tries to make the pretty and good things in the world, are all kind and gentle themselves. And so, when they find buds shy like the violets, they fill them with sweetest scent; and when the birds make their nests low down in the grass, they love them and teach them the happiest music, and take them right up to the sky to sing their songs; and when the tiny fruits hide modestly under the leaves, they find them out, and just make them bigger and sweeter than any others on the bush. And so, the child went on, looking wiser than any man can, they make people the best, and wisest, and happiest, if they find them lowly, and not at all greedy or stuck up; but when people are not good, but push themselves into the front places everywhere, they are sure to turn out at last to be the silliest of all, like the berries at the top, all thin and sour.

The man, who was so wise, listened, not without a smile. He watched the little face, so earnest and grave and confident, and though the smile lingered a long while round the cold grey eyes, you could not tell at last whether the smile was a smile of amusement or one of impatient pity.

"My child, said the man, very deliberately and very quietly, "listen now to me. We have been out in the beautiful country, and now we must get back to the town. That is where we live; and I'll tell you what you must do if you want to thrive there. Remember, I've been a boy, but now I am a man; and I tell you for your good. If you want to get on in this world you must stand up boldly for yourself, and push yourself constantly to the front, and take care that people never lose sight of you. If you see a good thing anywhere, you must take hold of it before anybody else does, and hold it tight. You'll be a fool if you try to act on the lessons of your fairyland; and you'll find out pretty soon that they are one thing, and business is another."

The blue eyes opened wider and wider. The grey eyes seemed sternly in earnest. Did he really mean it? The child's face was troubled, he looked amazed, shocked, humiliated. He said nothing. The man

also was silent now; there was not even the semblance of a smile about his face; the music had ceased in his heart, the music of a happy world without that was answered by a happy world within. He turned his back on the old quarry, now in the gloom behind the beeches. He strode down to the dusty road, and so back to the town.

But what if he had believed the child?

W. G. TARRANT.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

THERE are few of the Norwegian fjords—at any rate in the region of the Hardanger—that are not visited once or twice daily by a noisy little steamboat, breaking the stillness of the surrounding hills, waking the little villages into short-lived bustle and activity, and bringing the entire population to the landing-places. But here and there one may still find some little fjord exempted from this visitation. A beautiful example of this is the Osen fjord, one of the narrowest of the offshoots of the Hardanger. We had heard of the wild beauty of its precipitous rocks, and of a magnificent waterfall to be seen at the head of it, and we decided to make an expedition there from Ulvik. The drive to the fjord afforded one more amusing and pleasant example of the fact that the Norwegian driver makes his horse his first consideration, and his passenger his second. In the neighbourhood of Bergen one sees notice-boards every few hundred yards bearing this legend, "Please remember that the horse needs rest." Arrived at the margin of the fjord it became a question of who was to be found to row us and to act as guide. Our driver (who had an exceedingly humorous face, and appeared to be the local wit) derived much amusement from the situation, and carried on an animated conversation with the few natives who had come out to study us. Finally, succour arrived in the form of an extremely handsome youth of about eighteen, attired in a picturesque blue jacket, and with a swagger worthy of an ancient Viking. This interesting individual sauntered down to the water in front of us, with his hands in his pockets, and we were soon launched upon the fjord. There was not a ripple upon its surface. On either hand were huge rocks, rising sheer out of the water to a great height, and (combined with the narrowness of the fjord) giving a wonderful impression of grandeur and loneliness. The smaller rocks, at the base of these, were covered with masses of seaweed. One of our party suddenly whispered: "Look!" There, on a round cushion of sea-weed sat a beautiful reddish-brown wild duck, with a family of tiny ducklings gathered under her wings. She fixed her bright eyes upon us and watched us until we were almost near enough to touch her. Then she and her tiny brood flew into the water, and skimmed over its surface, half flying, half swimming. We saw many of these little families on the fjord, and once a sudden peculiar gurgle made us turn our heads in time to catch sight of two porpoises, rising and falling in the water with their rhythmical curves. The absolute stillness and smoothness of the fjord made this sudden apparition almost startling. Arrived at the head of the fjord we left our boat and started for the waterfall, under the guidance of our young Viking. We found him very

pleasant, and not above gathering and offering wild strawberries to the lady of our party. A stiff climb brought us in sight of certain pale masses of smoke—as one would have been inclined to call them. A nearer approach revealed them to be spray, rising in a continual cloud from the unseen fall below. When, after a further climb, the fall itself came suddenly into view, the grandeur of it took us utterly by surprise. Here—in an out-of-the-way corner of Norway, where not one in a thousand tourists ever sees it, and where there is only a handful of native peasants—was a fall worthy to be made an object of pilgrimage from distant lands! The river comes down to the fall in a series of rapids—the water dancing, leaping, rushing—broken into a mass of snowy foam. Just before the final leap it meets some slight obstacle in its path, and the water rises sheer into the air—absolutely perpendicularly—before it again joins the rush towards the fall. Just at the point where the river takes the final leap is a sharp projecting rock which cuts the water into two portions, and these are hurled into a boiling caldron of foam and spray below.

Over everything floats a perpetual cloud of spray, so like smoke that it has given its name to the fall—the Smoke-Fall. As one stands with the thunder of the falling water in one's ears, and with the rock under one's feet vibrating with the force of it, one remembers with awe and wonder that this magnificent spectacle has gone on for hundreds and thousands of years, with scarcely any human eyes to see it. We turned away with many a lingering backward glance, and made our way down to the boat, and over the peaceful fjord, and so back to Ulvik.

D. M.

A SWISS SCHOOL-TREAT.

BY MRS. BAYLE BERNARD.

As there is apt, unavoidably, to be a little monotony about the accounts of our English school excursions, a brief sketch of one recently witnessed in Switzerland may not be without interest, as offering some contrast to the routine generally followed in this country.

The guests at a little mountain pension in Les Ormouts, were surprised one afternoon in July by the arrival of a large party of boys and girls, the former carrying knapsacks of hairy cow-hide, the latter those green tin receptacles nominally known as botanical cases, but which, at least when swung over young shoulders, more often contain food than flowers. A few of the girls had indulged in muslin blouses, but most were in serviceable cotton frocks each with a woollen cape or wrap. Weary enough they looked at first, and well might they do so, for it was neither rail nor vans that had brought them, but their own young willing feet. It was now 5 P.M., and they had begun their day at 4 A.M. Belonging to the communal school of a village an hour's walk above Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, they had first walked to that place, then taken the train, but only as far as Bex, and from there begun a tramp of eight hours along rough steep mountain paths, over the Col de la Croix, a pass 5,637 feet above sea level, and thus made their way to their destination—the valley of Les Diablerets. The dinners brought with them they had eaten on the way, and they

now crowded into the restaurant of the pension, a separate building close by, to partake of some light refreshment, finding themselves after this not too tired to join in sundry sports in an adjoining field. The whole party, numbering nearly seventy, were under the leadership of the schoolmaster, the only male adult, but who was accompanied by two or three ladies of the village, who assisted in taking oversight of the girls. The greater number engaged at once in "kiss in the ring," which seemed as popular here as it is with us, for some of the boys who had begun a game at skittles ere long forsook it, fascinated by the superior charms of the merry "ring"; and very sweetly their united voices sounded in the accompanying chant. After a while a heavy shower drove them all off to a large empty barn, where they found fresh amusement in dancing.

But the day begun so early came to an end at last even for these indefatigable pleasure-seekers, and it was time to retire to rest. This involved very little ceremony, at least for the boys, who only tumbled into another barn and there stretched themselves on a fragrant couch of hay, quite independent of such conventionalities as mattresses, sheets, or blankets—a capital preparation for their approaching days of military service. The girls were accommodated a little less roughly, but two in each little bed, in a couple of chalets hired for the occasion. By 6.30 next morning all had again assembled in the restaurant to share a breakfast consisting, not of bread and butter, water-cress, and varieties of cake, as looked for at a British entertainment, but of cups of milk with a slight infusion of weak coffee, and accompanied by huge hunches of dry bread. After this bottles were filled at the spring, for water is not always obtainable on the road when wanted; knapsacks and botanical cases packed with frugal provision for a mid-day meal, and the party were marshalled in order for starting. Then the roll of names was called over and a verse of a hymn sung—a prudent precaution and seemly observance one would think only great carelessness and irreverence could omit, but which yet, alas! are sometimes omitted at our school-treats—and finally the green and white banner of the canton (Vaud) was unfurled, and the procession marched gaily forward on the roadway to Aigle, which they expected to reach about 4 P.M., and thence take a short railway journey once more to Vevey, where an upward climb of one more hour would bring them to their homes.

As in England, education in Switzerland is compulsory, and a conversation with one of the elder girls elicited that this was the only school in the village, to which all the children, rich or poor, must alike resort. "But," she added, "there are not many who can be called rich: we all work, and very hard too, chiefly in cultivating the vineyards." Perhaps some of our luxurious excursionists will think that they not only work hard, but *play hard*!

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — Letters, &c. received from the following:—J. B.; A. A. C. (congratulations); J. L.; J. C. P. (thanks); J. W. P.; H. S. S.; G. St. Cl.; E. F. T.; C. W.; J. R. W.

LITERATURE.

"STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER."*

WE have always cherished a feeling that we might like Mr. Leslie Stephen *a priori*, ever since those unhappy days in the week at college, when we were set to think out the problems of the universe, and especially those of the "moral consciousness," and entered on that philosophical "paper chase" which was soon seen to be a wild goose chase of a peculiar kind. We learnt in those days that Mr. Leslie Stephen believed (it did not matter to us how he got at it, nor does it matter much now) that happiness was the ultimate end of reasonable conduct, and we said to our soul—an entity for which Mr. Leslie Stephen has as little redundant respect as ourselves, holding that it ought to be kept in its proper place—Go to! thou hast a working theory of life and one that is in keeping with thine own instinct. We have added indefinitely to our stock of happiness. We have read these two volumes, every line, notes and all, and all in all, and between the lines. It is not, of course, customary (for reviewers at least) to make such confessions—doubtless for obvious reasons. But when they can do so it constitutes the highest meed of praise, and economises the use of adjectives. What we confess to admiring most in these studies is a certain attitude of "detachment," that quality which in Mr. Leslie Stephen's judgment perfectly fitted Gibbon for being the prince of historians, and which in his own case fits him for being raised into a similar rank amongst biographers.

The saddest thing we have noticed in the two volumes is a certain cruel remark which appears in the first essay, on the "National Biography." This essay forms a kind of apology for the wicked people (the former Editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" being of course, included) who think that nearly everybody who was ever anybody at all, should be put in the "National Biography," as in a kind of lethal chamber where the unknown and strayed received their *coup de grâce*: But that is not the sad thing, but this: After saying that in the "National Biography" "there is Canute who is *not* introduced to the tide," he continues, "the Biographer finds out, by the way, that an anecdote is simply the polite name of a lie." Unhappy Biographer! It was a poor find. All we can say is, we are sorry for Canute and his lost opportunity. Our theory of most anecdotes is that someone who ought to have been Canute (or any alleged chief actor in an anecdote) whispered in the ear of his neighbour, what a great opportunity for a dramatic incident, and for a wise saying and doing, was being lost. The two then decided to save the situation for the credit of kingship and the benefit of posterity. An anecdote is not so much a lie as the evidence of someone's good sense and perception of how things ought to have happened and what things ought to have been said. It was surely a bad day for the "National Biography," when Mr. Leslie Stephen confessed so much. To make such a slaughter of the innocents (innocent worthy fictions) is to set up, as it were, a notice board with the

* By Leslie Stephen. Duckworth and Co. Two vols. Price 12s.

superscription, "None but the matter-of-fact need apply." The proper thing, no doubt, to do with an anecdote whether in church, or at political meetings, or at a dinner table, or in the "National Biography," or wherever people most do congregate, is to despise it. Strict morality does not tolerate it. But most men are better than their creeds, and far better than their strictest morality. Were it not so these two volumes would not be half such delightful reading. One wonders whether the old Duchess of Marlborough did or did not reply to her doctor's statement that she must be blistered or die, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!" Obviously she ought to have said so. Had this anecdote been excluded, and not been put to the excellent use it is, one of the best bits of wisdom in the book (touching Pascal), would probably have been expressed in a far less striking way. We have always suspected some great men have been overrated, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that others of them have not risen to the height of their anecdotes, or have not been able to say the wise things which seemed so obvious to their valets or to some one in the crowd.

The second Essay is upon the Genesis and "Evolution of Editors," and it seems to us the Censor ought to have advised it to be printed for private circulation among editors alone. Such secrets of their past are as inconvenient to publish as the malodorous secrets of the origin of most of the aristocracy. To think that even the almighty editor has risen from the ape and the slime is enough to boil us to death with melancholy. Well, to be sure, he has been fearfully and wonderfully evolved! And, then, to think that he "is regarded by most authors as a person whose mission is the suppression of rising genius, or as a traitor who has left their ranks to help their natural enemy the publisher." Faugh! Still, "hateful as he may be in himself, he is an interesting figure in the annals of literature." Very. "Johnson tells," for example, "how Cave, when he had heard that one subscriber out of 10,000 whom he speedily attracted was likely to drop the magazine, would say, 'Let us have something good in the next number.' One feels like exclaiming with Sir Toby Belch to such a Malvolio fawning on his supposed mistress the Public, "O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! Bolts and shackles! Shall this fellow live?" Doubtless there is much more related of Cave in the "National Biography," but for our part, that is all we wish to know of him. Nothing is said of the evolution of the religious editor, which, perhaps, is an uncovenanted mercy. One of the most conspicuously delightful papers is that on John Byrom. From the opening sentence, "Who was John Byrom?" to the closing one, "Few kindlier men have been buried either in woollen or linen"—and thereby hangs a tale—we are made to feel that we are not likely ever to forget him. He was the author (amongst other things equally curious and diverse) of the phrase "tweedledum and tweedledee," of "Christians, awake!" and of a Latin emendation perpetrated on behalf of his "God-dess Shorthand," of *nature to notare*, showing that Richard Bentley had not lived in vain. The oddest assortment of winged words and things roosted under the "pericranie" of this sweet and simple

character. The next Essay is a critique of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies," entitled "Johnsoniana." We can never have too much of Dr. Johnson, but he seems to have suffered from over-much editing, and it may hap that he may suffer from over-much writing of other kinds. There are some books which gain by what we may call a species of lying fallow—i.e., being merely read without the plough, the hoe, and the harrow of the Editor, the Commentator and the Reviewer. "Johnsoniana," however, is of course full of good things from other sources than Boswell, but they all only increase our everlasting gratitude that Johnson fell into the hands of "the Boswell," and it is matter of increasing satisfaction that Boswell's "lines have fallen in such pleasant places." Poor Boswell could not now write what he so petulantly wrote concerning Sir John Hawkins, "Observe how he talks of me as 'quite unknown'!" The essay on "Gibbon's Autobiography" is one of the most ethically comforting things we have ever read. To find a combination of conditions most morally indefensible forming the appropriate and probably indispensable environment for the production of "a heaven-born historian," helps to soothe our misgivings with regard to many moral questions, and reinstates for us a long discredited line of Pope's that "whatever is, is right." It was not so clear to our mind before as now, what part incompetent schoolmasters and idle and truant professors play in the economy of Nature, towards the production of greatness. They might lay claim to a fair commission in the production of men of unique eminence, and of works of supreme value, by showing that if they had not conscientiously neglected to do their duty, and had not connived at duty equally conscientiously neglected on the part of their pupil, the chances of any such production would have been of the meagrest. If it had not been for considerable moral imperfections on the part of Gibbon and still more culpable negligences on the part of teachers and professors and others, "the peculiar balance or harmony of all the faculties which enable a man to get the very greatest possible result out of given abilities" would not have been forthcoming. The moralist, worthy man, protests, as in duty bound, but protests in vain. Mr. Leslie Stephen "will not argue the point." The frequency of this phrase (or of others with like implication) has succeeded in bending our own moral rigidity, and in inclining it to this lofty species of what Wordsworth calls, "voluptuous unconcern." Mr. Leslie Stephen generally "leaves ethical questions to be settled by his readers"—a proceeding which reminds us of the gentleman who, being asked recently in the Law Courts, by Counsel, whether he considered certain relationships with a certain young lady were wrong on his part, replied that that was a question for the jury to decide. As a way of settling ethical problems nothing could be more exquisitely simple and ideal. After all, mankind can afford to sacrifice a little morality, in order to enjoy the spectacle of a heaven-born historian being produced out of Epicurean conditions that might well have generated an entirely different specimen of humanity—and that generally do. The stages of this unique evolution are as interesting as

a novel ought to be. Gibbon took to Epicureanism early by taking "the precaution of course to be born . . . within the charmed circle where sinecure offices may be the reward of a judicious choice of parents." Later on, when choice was not so easy a matter, he generally made the wrong choice, from the point of view of the moralist, but it was uniformly judicious in the evolution of the "Roman Empire." "Perhaps Gibbon was not of the finest human clay; but the problem, I repeat, was not how to make a perfect man, but how to make a great historian." "Had Gibbon become a husband . . . Julian and Athanasius and Justinian must have waited to be appreciated by somebody else"—but not Mme. Necker. Well, much of our own anxious concern on behalf of the ways of Providence might have been dispelled had it occurred to our minds earlier and with conviction, that Providence had other ends in view than human perfectibility, that it had, so to speak, "other fish to fry." We began reading this essay on Gibbon with certain clear views or at least clear prejudices on the subject of morality. We confess to being a little mixed up.

It is a sad decline and fall to find ourselves inclining to prefer that Providence or Evolution should have produced a great historian by a somewhat devious course, rather than a probably obscure but good man with a lofty moral standard. Mr. Leslie Stephen himself indeed seems for a passing moment uncomfortable, for he sets Gibbon making a speech, somewhat in Cambyse's vein, in reply to shafts of modern unctuous rectitude. Indeed it constitutes such a castigation that in sudden panic we cast ourself prostrate before this great lumbering car of Juggernaut and let the points of its ponderous logical wheels roll over our corpus vile. "Peccavi," we cried, or rather "peccavimus," and then with what moral rectitude was left to us after this crushing rejoinder, we even confessed that Providence had not only produced a great historian but also a by no means bad man, when compared with the reputed good men of our own day—men, too, who have no "Roman Empire," to show for their reputation. But, alas! these sentiments, after all, were not Mr. Leslie Stephen's, but "the gouty and preposterously fat old gentleman's." What a triumph for "voluptuous unconcern"!

Many more of these fine "Studies" invite to expatiation, "to rove without prescribed limits," as the big book says. But even religious editors have their limits. On "Arthur Young" we should dearly like to expatiate, and still more on "Pascal," that magic name, and we trust to find an occasion so to do. Of the essays on Matthew Arnold, Jowett and Tennyson we are most impressed with that on Arnold, in which, however, there is a theory of poetry surely far too restricted to cover the large area of what, if it is not poetry, we should like to know what it is, though to be sure it does not lend itself readily to the condition of "learning itself by heart." Still perhaps we are assuming a restriction that is not really intended in such a definition, and, if we are to have a theory in a short compass about poetry, that is doubtless as adequate as any. The Essay bristles with graceful, finely-pointed, well-directed

shafts of ironical criticism, which, if they do not constitute "nasty things," in the sense of Arnold's literary amenities, are evidence that Mr. Leslie Stephen has a great deal of "sweetness and light" in the making. It was, perhaps, a little of the finished article that gave rise to the remark in the "Study" on "Jowett," that "Spiritual guides are troublesome personages," and that "a prophet, perhaps, . . . is apt to be a bit of a humbug, and at any rate a cause of humbug in others." If Mr. Leslie Stephen only knew what a personal inconvenience it is to be a spiritual guide, even a lame one or a blind one, he would be still more merciful than he generally is with all such people. We cannot dig; to beg we are ashamed, and for anything else we are, it is to be feared, incapable. The strongest *penchant* we have ever discovered in ourselves by the method of introspection, is to do nothing and to do it well. By a well-known law of reaction we become superabundantly energetic and prophetic, and as a consequence troublesome *bêtes noires* to all our neighbours who lend us their ears.

The reading of the "Story of Scott's Ruin" gives one a feeling of sympathetic discomfort, an indisposition to return to it, and a strong desire to remember to forget it, or rather, perhaps, to forget to remember it. One has visions of Hercules in the tunic of Nessus. We side with Lockhart, in any case, out of pure "cussedness." It is preposterous, no doubt, but *c'est plus fort que nous*. The essay on the "Importation of German" impresses us more with the great indebtedness of the Germans to us and to our first cousins, the Dutch, than of us to the Germans. If it had not been for Spinoza and Shakespeare that wonderful entity, the German's "own inner consciousness," could never have been made in Germany. We have, however, paid dearly for our greatest exportation. For Shakespeare has returned to us so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" that there is little wonder he is so little known in his own country. He comes in such a questionable shape, so like Sir Francis Bacon's that's dead, that "though it make the unskilled laugh it cannot but make the judicious grieve." If they would but let us see him in his doublet and hose and *sans* so many professorial and philosophical robes, we would gladly let William Taylor von Norwich—now that he is in the Fatherland—stay with them till the crack of doom. The essay on "Wordsworth's Youth" is a consideration of a work by Emile Legouis, "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth," and is lucid and luminous and evolutionary, and abounds in quaint snap-shots of young Wordsworth evolving, as, for example, "London is part of that vast machinery, including the universe in general, of which it sometimes seems to be the final cause that it is to mould the central object, William Wordsworth."

More than a word is due to the Study of "Oliver Wendell Holmes," especially in these highly fraternal times, when Brother Jonathan, prone on the neck of John Bull, is crying: "It was not always so!" It is, of course, an excellent "appreciation," and it is also fine fun, but one wonders whether Holmes would quite have appreciated the slightly cruel betrayal of the principle *ars est celare artem*. However, it is not everyone who can do a trick when it is shown him. "The 'Autocrat,'" says Mr.

Leslie Stephen, "might suggest a series of riddles or problems for some future examiner in English literature. Why is controversy like the Hydrostatic Paradox? Why is a poem like a meerschau? What is the very obvious resemblance between the pupil of the eye and the mind of the bigot? In what respects may truths be properly compared with dice and lies to marbles? Why should a trustworthy friend be like a cheap watch? How does the proper treatment of Guinea-worm illustrate the best mode of treating habitual drunkards? The answers to these and many equally ingenious parallels illustrate Holmes's power of procuring analogies, and show, too, how his talent had been polished in the conversational arena."

It will be evidence of highly "reasonable conduct" in anyone to read this book, which is so readable that it reads itself, and, as we have already pointed out, "the ultimate end of reasonable conduct," according to Mr. Leslie Stephen, "is happiness." E. L. H. THOMAS.

STUDIES OF THE SOUL.*

THIS is a book to be enjoyed. The chapters are short. The style, in places, is as clear spring water, and thoughts rise there that chase happily over the rocks like a mountain brook: they pass deep, clear pools by the way, and ever urge the mind on toward the great ocean. To thinkers the book is suggestive of more, to the plain man it is plain enough. Then there is in the spirit of the book that wonderful charm of gladness, like a child's happy call to come out into the sunshine and play. All who heed its call should be the merrier for it. Those especially who hitherto have turned their eyes inward too much upon themselves, who have kept their soul indoors and with overtightening of the cords of introspection have well nigh strangled the life out of themselves, will welcome this gospel of the soul outside us not ourselves, the wide world's wide expanse of soul and the free gift of soul and soul's life that it has to give. For this book seems to us to be an outdoor book of the soul, and its message, "The world exists to grow souls, come out into the world and grow."

Most books on the study of the soul are introspective; they weary the reader by inviting him once more to that grim and cannibal feast which consists in feeding on one's own vitals.

But the book before us is not of this kind. It rather tempts the appetite with the sight and spread of a generous and unexplored feast, a universe overflowing with spiritual strength, and well able to renew and refresh us if ever we be wearied and worn ourselves.

Most of the misery of books on the soul comes from their too exclusive introspection of it: they would see it as it is in itself and by itself. This is to see it out of its relationship to others. This is to see it as it is not, to see it falsely. Nothing is as it is in itself. We need to see the soul, as we see all else—in the possibilities that arise from its relationship to other things. Now the introspective method suggests the study of a soul shut up within itself, and shut out from the world. It pictures a solitary oasis of spirit in a

barren desert of sand, and brings home the loneliness of being alive.

But the book before us invites us to a different scene. It sets the soul in an environment of kindred soul. The world is a spiritual environment in its ultimate analysis, not a material one; and the soul has Paradise around it ever encroaching upon its own little desert, wafting fresh soil and living seeds from without. Everything that the soul of man can desire is close at hand. The world exists to make souls grow, and smiles with pleasure at sight of one. The spiritual trend of the world flows like a flood over the imperfections and shortcomings of the individual, washing them away in the stream of its onward course. The world with its spiritual power to help, to discipline, and to save souls, almost reminds the reader of that other Saviour and his saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." The great world has the power we lack, it sees the light we need to see, it knows the way we need to know, it gives the life we need to live. The world, as we see it in this book, is strong in the spirit, powerful to educate, inspiring in ideal, filled with manhood, godhead, moral dignity, strength of character, and one persistent purpose, that it will make souls grow. Personality is the root of it, and personality is the fruit of it, and force of character and the discipline of character are ever at work in it. Behind the apparent world and all we see of it lies the personality, and a great deal more, of the Eternal.

"Spiritual power is simply the capacity to receive." "Limitless force lies at each soul's threshold waiting to make it mighty." . . . "None so clearly as He (Jesus) has witnessed to this truth. In His declaration that He could 'of His own self do nothing,' he spoke not merely of Himself. He was affirming for all time the law of spiritual power."

Again, "The universe knocks at our door and enters in proportion as we open it"; and "a Paderewski drops his fingers on a block of wood, and there is no response; the same touch on the keys of a piano thrills the air with melody." "In all these spheres the same thing has happened, it is the wedding of an outer impact to an inner power of response."

This personal responsibility, or the duty of each person to respond, brings vividly before us the supreme import of personality and the force of the soul's "I will." Indeed the whole spirit of the book sheds special light here. For it throws this personal volition out into the wide world; it is required by the world for its further evolution: Nature calculates upon it and urges man to produce it. Nature seeks a fresh variation, she carefully guides a man to where he *must* guide himself, to some chasm she cannot bridge herself, and bids him leap it. "When the Soul lets go" is another chapter on this experience; and the reader may, perhaps, discover for himself some reconciliation between free will and necessity in this larger thought of Nature making necessary the exercise of freedom. "In Search of Oneself," "The Religiously Ungifted," "On Accepting Ourselves," "The Soul and Public Opinion," "The World's Silences," "The Soul's Pathfinders," "The Soul's Music," "The Soul's Holidays," are a few headings of chapters that convey some idea of the scope of the book. They are not all of equal merit, but in general we have here

the work of a good diver who has plunged into hidden depths himself, but has brought all his treasures up to the surface, where the plain man and all men may see them for themselves, and rescue from life's wreckage what they will of the riches of the soul.

WILFRED HARRIS.

THE WARRINGTON ACADEMY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Evening Post* gave, on August 9, an interesting description of the Warrington Academy, the predecessor of Manchester College (now at Oxford) in the education of ministers of religion, and also of laymen, without the imposition of any creed or theological test. Founded in 1757, the Academy was succeeded by Manchester College in 1786. Recent street improvements have led to the opening out to public view the old house in which the Warrington Academy first had its home, and the ceremonial planting of some trees by the Mayor and Mayoress added honour and a pleasant adornment to the site.

After noting that the best account of the Academy by a contemporary is to be found in the letters written by Miss Lucy Aikin in her old age to Dr. Channing, the correspondent of the *Evening Post* continued:—

"The people of Warrington to-day are proud enough of the old academy and the place it had in English political and religious thought. This was shown by the demonstration that took place a few days ago to celebrate the removal of the cabinet-maker's shop, which through the greater part of this century had hidden the old academy buildings from public view. But the local historians of the academy claim little in connection with the 393 students who passed through it. Malthus was one of these; Hamilton Rowan, the Irish insurrectionist, was another; and Lord Willoughby of Parham, the last Presbyterian among English peers, was also educated at the academy. Interest in its traditions and associations centres, however, in the tutors who at one time and another were connected with it. Aikin and Priestley are best remembered among these men. They met their classes in the old mansion overlooking the Mersey, which has now come into the possession of the municipal corporation, and has been restored as nearly as can be to its eighteenth century style.

"Priestley did some of his earliest literary work while at the academy—work which was given to the world from a press which in the last century gave this old market-town a world-wide fame, and which in the closing years of the century is credited with having printed Paine's 'Age of Reason.' The academy, which was intended to give an education without religious bias, was organised in 1757, in the building overlooking the Mersey, and remained there until 1762, when it was removed to larger premises a little way off. Priestley was one of the first tutors, and continued in the academy until 1767, when he left to become minister of a Unitarian church at Leeds. [Mill Hill Chapel, not a 'Unitarian Church.'—Ed. INQUIRER.] His fame came after his removal from Warrington. Aikin was longer connected with the academy than any of the tutors. He lived in Warrington for twenty-nine years; and his sons and his daughters, who have given the name of Aikin a place in English literature and in the

* "Studies of the Soul." By J. Brierley, B.A. James Clarke and Co. 6s.

history of medicine and science, were born here. Three of them have paid their tribute to their birthplace in their writings. Mrs. Barbauld, who married one of the students, described the academy and its life in her poetry. Lucy Aikin, in her letters to Dr. Channing, gives the best pictures extant of what was a hundred years ago one of the most characterful and interesting of English towns; while one of the best descriptions of the beginning of the manufacturing era in Lancashire, in which Warrington had a large place, is to be found in her brother, Dr. John Aikin's 'Manchester and Thirty Miles Round.'

"The salaries of the tutors were only £100 a year, plus what they might make by taking boarders at £15 a year. But narrow as were the means of the Aikin family, the children had a bright and happy childhood in Warrington, and in widely different departments of literature have made a full return to the old Lancashire town for the pleasures and opportunities it afforded them. Warrington of the period of the academy and Warrington of to-day, are widely different places. When Lucy Aikin was giving her reminiscences of the academy to Dr. Channing, she dwelt on the charms of the Mersey on the banks of which Warrington stands, half way between Manchester and Liverpool. Then the Mersey was a famous salmon river, every whit as beautiful in its upper and its tidal reaches as is the Dee to-day. Both the academy buildings stood near the river, and the situation of the newer buildings, those taken possession of in 1762, was specially fine and open. To-day the Mersey is the foulest stream in England. The academy buildings are now flanked on one side by the municipal gasworks, and on the other by a joinery factory, while on one side of the river in the neighbourhood of the academy is a tan-yard, and on the other chemical works which contribute their quota to the nastiness of the stream. The main wing of the building is now used as the office of a newspaper of extreme Tory type."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[TO PUBLISHERS.—All Books, &c., sent to THE INQUIRER will be acknowledged under this head, with name of publisher and price, if supplied. The necessities of our space, however, compel us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.]

Poems. By Oliver Orchard. (University Press.)

Studies in Islam. By W. H. A. Quilliam. 2s. 6d. (Crescent Printing Co., Liverpool.)

Poems by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (John Lane.)

Priesthood of the New Covenant. By Werner H. K. Soames, M.A. (Elliot Stock.)

History of Protestantism. By Rev. J. A. Wylie. Cheap Edition. Part I. (Cassell and Co.) 1d. To be continued in weekly parts.

The Journal of John Woolman. With Whittier's Introduction. Edited by Alexander Smellie. 2s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Review of Reviews, English Illustrated, Woman at Home, Good Words, Sunday Magazine.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

Bradford.—On Wednesday evening, August 17, an interesting ceremony was held in connection with the new schoolroom which is now being built by the Unitarian congregation on a site adjoining their place of worship in Chapel-lane. The memorial-stones—five on each side of the main entrance—were laid respectively by the Rev. E. Ceredig Jones, M.A., minister; Mr. Byron Boothroyd, chapel warden; Mrs. Alfred Collins, Miss Collins, school superintendent; Mrs. Charles H. Ellis, Miss Milla Ellis, Mrs. Edward Sugden, Mrs. Ferdinand Heilborn, Mrs. Samuel Barraclough, and Mrs. T. T. Empsall, each of whom made a handsome contribution to the building fund. After a short service conducted by the minister in the chapel-yard, the party, numbering about seventy, adjourned to the County Restaurant, close by, where they took tea together. The repeat over, a short social gathering was held, under the presidency of Mr. Charles H. Ellis, chairman of the Building Committee. Songs were contributed by several members, and Miss Boothroyd acted as accompanist. In the course of the evening addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Byron Boothroyd, Mr. J. G. Slater, Mr. John Ellis, Miss Collins, and others, in which they spoke in encouraging terms of the signal success which had attended their efforts as a congregation during the last twelve months. Ninety new subscribers had joined them since the beginning of the present year, and as a number of these paid for other members of their families, the voting power of the congregation would be increased by about 110.

Bradford : Manchester.—The annual choir picnic took place last Saturday at Dunham Park, Altrincham, tea being afterwards provided in the school of Dunham-road Chapel. In the evening various part-songs were effectively rendered in the wood, under the leadership of Mr. G. Whittaker.

Burnley.—On Sunday, Aug. 21, in connection with Trafalgar-street Church, the Sunday-school anniversary was held. The pulpit was occupied in the morning and evening by the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, of London. In the afternoon an address was given by the Rev. H. S. Solly, M.A., of Bridport. The collections for the day amounted to £47 10s. 3d.

Cardiff (Appointment).—The Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, of Devonport, has been elected minister of the West Grove congregation, Cardiff.

Chichester.—On Sunday morning last we were visited by the Rev. A. J. Marchant (messenger General Baptist Assembly), who preached a most interesting sermon on Morality and Religion. Regret was expressed that his engagement for Portsmouth in the evening prevented his longer stay.

Halstead.—The leaving of the Rev. R. H. Fuller, M.A., for Braintree has been marked by the presentation by members of the congregation of a marble clock to Mr. Fuller, and of a piece of plate to Mrs. Fuller, as a token of their respect and affection.

Leeds : Hunslet.—We had here the great delight and privilege last Sunday evening of hearing a sermon by our friend Dr. Collyer, of New York. It was a surprise visit, no one knowing of his coming until the congregation assembled for service. Could notice have been given the chapel would not have been large enough, but to those present it was perhaps more enjoyable as it was. Everyone was delighted to see and hear him, and also to shake hands with him at the close.

Northampton.—We are glad to learn that last Sunday morning Lady Manfield was able to attend the service at Kettering-road Church, for the first time after her recent serious illness, proceeding to the church in a bath chair. It is interesting to note that by a similar means the Rev. Canon Hull was taken to All Saints' Church, where from an armchair at the chancel steps he preached the sermon.

Sydney.—The *Daily Telegraph* of Sydney reports that on Sunday, July 17, the Rev. George Walters announced that he had tendered his resignation of the position of minister of the Unitarian Church, which he had held for more than ten years, and adds that it was not Mr. Walters's intention to leave Sydney, and that he might possibly form an "Australian" church on the same lines as Dr. Strong's church at Melbourne.

"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN."—The actual observation of man as

he exists, by means of that essential part of science which consists in measurement, combined with the accurate record of his passing mental phases, may well be pushed forward with greater assiduity and perseverance. We study a noble science. Rightly pursued, it may affect the mind of man more beneficially than possibly any other. It may teach the student to look back to the hole of the pit whence he was digged—to look forward to a future that he may contribute to make better and brighter—to look around upon all nature as akin to him, and upon the various races of mankind in the light of the duty that he owes to them—to look upward to that Creator who first implanted in all nature the faculties that have made man what he now is, and may make those who are to come after even more capable of being useful and being happy.—E. W. Brabrook, C.B., President of the Anthropological Institute.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. DALE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. L. JENKIN JONES.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPES.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. A. J. CLARKE.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. WORSLEY AUSTIN.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. R. SPEARS.
Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. E. CAPLETON. Evening, "Our State Religion 1,000 Years Ago and To-Day."
Kensington, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GARDNER PRESTON, of Hastings. Morning, "The Service of God and Man." Evening, "The Use and Abuse of Public Worship."
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. E. STRONGE.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 11 A.M., Mr. A. THOMPSON, and 7 P.M., Mr. J. W. BROWN.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. G. CARTER.
Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M.; 3 P.M., Service for Children, Rev. W. E. ATTACK.
Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M., Mr. LUCKING TAVENER, and 7 P.M., SUPPLY.
Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M.
Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. TARRANT B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel. Closed for cleaning.
BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. B. B. NAGARKAR.
BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.
BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.

BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M., Rev. J. MORGAN WHITEMAN, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COE.

BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. HOOD.

BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.

CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.

DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.

EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mrs. E. BARROW.

GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. A. FALLOWS, M.A.

HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.

LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.

LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. D. DAVIS, M.A.

LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. J. JUPP.

LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel. Closed until Sept. 4th.

MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORREST, M.A.

MANCHESTER, Strangeways, 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.

OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. ODGERS, M.A.

PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.

PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.

RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.

READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY.

SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.

SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. SHAEN SOLLY, M.A.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

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WALTER JOHNSON,

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WILFRED CHARLTON,

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